

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lien. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
V's d to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour,
Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lien. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forget.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezoniens.
A Romane Sworde, and Bandetto slaue
Murder'd sweet Tully. *Brutus* Bastard hand
Stab'd *Iulius Caesar*. Sauege Islanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lien. And as for these whose ransom we haue let,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and huelle bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Mistis bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Benis, and John Holland.

Benis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Benis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to
dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp.

Benis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather
Aprons.

Benis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati-
on: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Benis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Beffs* Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Benis. Hee shall haue the skinnies of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.
Benis. Then is *an* stricke downe like an Oxe, and ini-
quities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Ben. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. Wee *John Cade*, so tearm'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes, Com-
mand silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her
furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whipe
three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of
proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-
ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, teuen
halfe peny Loanes sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
shall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drinke
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God saue your Maicesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no
mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will
apparel them all in one Liurey, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,
should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and
I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's
there?

Enter a Clarke.

Weauer. The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and
read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court
hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of
mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.
Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy
name?

Clarke. *Emannell.*

But. They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill
go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?
Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea-
ling man?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought
vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine
and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen
and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our General?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother
are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or I'll sell thee downe: he
shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He
is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight, pre-
sently: Rise vp Sir *John Mortimer*. Now haue at him.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother,
with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallows: Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt,
Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaues I passe not,
It is to you good people, that I speake,
ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,
And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March,
married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staff. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a begger-woman stolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &
the brickees are aliue at this day to testify it: therefore
deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes,
that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. *Iacke Cade*, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir-
rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Hen-
ry* the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter
for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but I'll
be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes*
head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds
it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath
gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: &
more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is
a Traitor.

Staff. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine
and a Traitor.

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